On Sundays she dons her special finery—

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the terrible danger with which it threatened them hit deeply into the minds of the people ; in such old customs as the "Schmalzwirst" the memory of this lives on.

With the extinction of the Tyrolese branch of the ruling house, Tyrol lost its political eminence in 1665.

At the turn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, after nearly a hundred and fifty years of peace, it became one of the battlefields of the War of the Spanish Succession. At first Prince Eugene was successful in the south of the country, but later it was occupied by the Bavarians. The Tyrolese rising, the marvelous battle at the Pontlatz Bridge in the depths of the Upper Inn Valley, and the Battle of Lueg below the Brenner Pass, put an end to the "Bavarian Revolt" and showed for the first time the almost unconquerable strength of a mountain people when it allies itself with the powerful natural defences of its native soil.

Peace returned to the Province and once again a great princess left her mark on the capital. Maria Theresia had come to Innsbruck to celebrate the marriage of her son Leopold ; a triumphal arch was to commemorate the event. Five weeks later the beloved husband of the Empress died in the Hofburg at Innsbruck. Thus it came about that, to remind one of the inconstancy of fate, the arch shows on the side through which the bridal pair entered the city, scenes of joy and of life. On the other, which faces the town, are scenes of mourning illustrating the transitory nature of human fortune. To this day it is called the Arch of Triumph. The triumph of life over death, or of death over life?

The Napoleonic Wars brought to Tyrol its heroic epoch which culminated in the year 1809. Its tragedy was that Tyrol was important enough to be overrun, but not of sufficient importance

a short-silk apron, and a kerchief over the short laced bodice: from the small, hard hat with gold braid and tassels hang long satin or velvet ribbons down her back; in her hair is a silver pin and she wears an old fashioned necklace of garnets. In winter-time she wears in addition a black shawl with long fringes. The children are movingly solemn duplications of their elders.

Andreas Hofer.

OF MOUNTAINS, TREES, MOUNTAIN PASTURES AND ANIMALS. Eagle and ibex, chamois and marmot, black-cock and capercailzie are all symbolic of the mountains, as are also almrausch and edelweiss, gentian and auricula, nigritella and artemesia. But as is often the case with symbols, the more frequently they are employed in old coats-of-arms and modern posters, praised in word and song, displayed stuffed, pressed and dried in museums, or grown and cultivated in gardens, the more legendary they become.

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Many of them have long ceased to be representative. The eagle and the ibex have been forced by the greed of man to flee to sheltering heights, the edelweiss and artemesia to withdraw to inaccessible crags. Other alpine fauna are rarely seen by the tourist, since they avoid the times and places of his choice. Equally invisible are the mountain flowers which cannot flee from man.

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Schwaz

When the townsman takes his holiday, they have often ceased to blossom, or have fallen to the sweep of the scythe. In July and August the mountain is dead, and May and June, when its flowers blossom, is not the time for most tourists. So it should be for those who are only looking for mountain peaks, precipices and ice-fields and to whom flowers are no more than trophies! But anyone who really loves flowers, and is not simply out to collect rare specimens should be less ambitious, and should ascend the gently rounded hills which are despised by the alpinist and labelled cow mountains, cow-pastures, high hillocks or sheep mountains.

Starting out from the valley, he will soon reach terraces on which lie villages and isolated farms. Above these, yet before the hardly penetrable undergrowth of young trees is reached, begins the belt of larch wood, or larch meadows. These trees, the noblest and jolliest of all those whose needles turn yellow and carpet the earth in autumn, and which put forth indescribably delicate and tender shoots in May, love light and air. They grow in broad coverts, often intermingled with birches, and casting delicate shadows. Sometimes it seems as though it was not the wind which moves their branches, but that it is these softly waving branches themselves which set gentle currents of air in motion when one reverently enters their lofty precincts. Even the ground at their feet is soft and gaily be-decked. In May the gentians blossom here, in June the orchids of countless knightly orders; the columbine nods and the lilies-of-the-valley spread perfume, the field tragopogon turns its yellow wheel, the dark-blue devil's claw threatens.

Kufstein

Kitzbühel

How delightful to wander through this park! Behind the intertwined fence, to which the larches have contributed their hard, reddish wood—a silky silver-grey in winter, which withstands the weather and does not rot—begins the steep, thick-set mountain forest and the tiring climb. One hears the ringing blows of the axe, as the felled trees crash down

to be able to effect a decision. Tragedy has accompanied the country up to this very day. Despite the courage of its people it was for the first time split into three parts. This only lent more importance to the heroic stand of the small mountain population against the foreign emperor as an example of a national uprising which was soon to be reflected on a much greater scale. For this reason also the names of Andreas Hofer, Haspinger and Speckbacher, the second battle at Pontlatz Bridge, and the three battles of Berg Isel have become history. The last words of the "Sand Innkeeper" of Passeier before his execution "at Mantua, in chains" rang out like the tolling of a bell to awaken the slumbering consciences of his contemporaries,—"Adieu, thou despicable world". Through his tragic fate and self-sought heroism, Andreas Hofer has become a symbol of the unity and freedom of the Province.

For the same reason the heroic defence of the southern frontier of the Province in the first World War by the "Standschützen" (Tyrolese peasant riflemen) which is for ever linked to the name of Innerhofer, will never be forgotten, all the more so because they were tragically unable to save South Tyrol from its fate. But even the attempt made from Tyrol during March 1938 to offer a last resistance to the threatened occupation of Austria which was condemned to failure will be preserved in the living history of Tyrol as often as the events of 1934 to 1938 are recalled. Over the struggle for South Tyrol, for its right to self-determination and to its national existence since 1918, it is best to be silent here. But whoever has scanned the history of Tyrol, however cursorily, will not be surprised that that lives on in the hearts of its people which history and culture have created in the course of centuries, and which frontiers have now divided.

Carol Singers.

into the runways which go down from mountain to valley. Here is the realm of the huntsman—and the poacher's kingdom.

On the fringe of the tree-clad zone, where the forest begins to dissolve, there are new features. The trees are not at all stunted—indeed, they were more so in the crowded spaces of the wood. Here each one stands alone, perfected in strength, beauty and individuality.

The stone pine, the mightiest of native conifers, first makes its appearance at this height. Its growth is slow and deliberate. After fifty years it is no taller than a man, and the giants have lived through the Napoleonic Wars and even the Peasant Revolts. Unlike the other conifers, every stone pine is an independent individual, broadly spreading or rising to a slender top, sometimes regular,

137 sometimes fantastic in shape. Its needles are double the length of those of the pine tree, of softest blue-green, sometimes black-green, in contrast to the blue-grey of the pine. The cones of the stone pine are the largest of any. If one breaks a twig, a pleasant-scented resin oozes out.

As soft and delicate as is the impression conveyed by the larch, so is that given by the pine dark and sturdy. No fields lie below it, only rocks, the leaves of christmas roses and juniper.

The last of the firs and larches which have thrust their way up into the higher altitudes are of a different type. The larch has become bearded, fissured and gigantic, retaining few of its more delicate charms. The great weight of snow has pressed the branches of the mountain fir close to the trunk and crushed them downwards towards the ground. In winter wild creatures seek refuge from the elements in the warm tents provided by the down-bent branches. What appears in the distance to be the well-formed crown of a single fir-tree is revealed on nearer approach to be the tops of a whole family of trees. Closely grouped around the parent tree, children and children's children have come to maturity in its shadow. They afford mutual protection and shelter and have become to such an extent one single tree-family that when the progenitor in their midst begins to decay, its descendants close the gap until the ancestral tree has recovered itself as the rejuvenated and immortal tree of the species. Only the fir-trees—and of these, only the mountain firs—behave in this way. Larches and pines have no family ties. The lightning which fells one of them, the storm which uproots it, affects that one tree alone.

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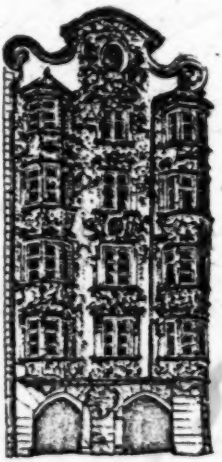
Anyone who imagines that he is leaving the abundance of the valley for the poverty of the mountain will be surprised when he finds luxuriant virgin forest. But he will lose his astonishment when he discovers that he is treading under foot black, peaty earth more fertile than can be found in any garden. Only where the inimical wind and snow ravage the mountain passes does the realm of the last giants end. Only whatever can live through the winter beneath the snows, and nothing else, can survive here to flourish luxuriantly during the brief summer. Here is the lovely world of alpine flora. One's foot sinks deep into rich carpets. The crocus



Baroque House in Innsbruck.

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forms white or lilac islands and streams in the moist ground. The bloom of the gentian reflects a deeper and softer blue than that of the southern seas. Beneath the blue sky rises the curve of the mountain slope, dotted with yellow auriculas and besprinkled with the lighter blossoms of the anemone.

Clumps of saxifrage scent the air; creeping flax covers the stones; dusky red primulas edge the dark clefts in the rocks. Where the snows melt, leaving the ground bare of other vegetation, nod the delicately fringed bells of the soldanellas. Here on this hill the pastel shades of the bluish globularia mingle with those of the white primula and pale yellow auricula. In the depression where the little stream tinkles and twists, heavy yellow buttercups and marsh-mallows raise their shining heads out of the vivid blue of forget-me-nots. On the Sonnberg grow nigritellas, scented and chocolate-coloured. Many other herbs and flowers are to be found here whose names amidst this riot of colour slip the memory of the wanderer, though he recognizes and constantly re-discovers them.

OOO Well may one be bewildered by the magic of contrast—the burning sun alternating with the cool shadows cast by the clouds by the tonic air, or by the snow caps in the background against which a cow shed, a tree, a cluster of alpine roses or a carpet of flowers stands out clearly.

Even in March, when the remaining snow still sparkles with great crystals like glowing diamonds, the sun rises victorious, while from the roofs of the cattle sheds the melting snow and ice drip to the ground and the stored-up hay gives forth a summer fragrance as it awaits transport by sledge to the valley, these regions remain a realm of brilliant colouring, of soft footpaths where movement calls for no effort.

Street in Innsbruck.

Everything above the level of these alpine pastures is exposed to the fury of the elements. Only a few sheltered spots remain islands of life. Sheep graze as far up as these. These heights mark the limit of all forms of life. Yet is there not life in the rock which stretches itself and in the glacier which cuts and scours it, crushing and moulding it afresh? Here summer and winter have not yet been divorced. Is that the roaring of a torrent, or of a distant wind? The rain turns to snow and

133 *frontiers of the Provinces proving an insurmountable barrier. In 1918 South Serbia laid claim to Carinthian territory and foreign troops soon invaded a country which had collapsed after four years of war. But the Carinthians stood firm in loyalty to the Motherland, and the Provinces emerged intact from the defensive battles of the year 1919 and the plebiscite of 1920. The inflexible patriotism of its people had triumphed. History repeated itself after the second World War in which Austria was involved. The old saying "Carinthia free and undivided" will be bequeathed by the present sorely-tried generation to its sons, as an inheritance which is part of the very existence of the Province.*

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WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE LIKE

Anthropologically there are two main races clearly traceable in Carinthia: a blond, tall, long-skulled type and a dark, tall, long-faced but short-skulled type. Both types are about equally prevalent. The eastern type of man, smaller, with a broader skull and darker skin, is less frequently met with. Here and there in many places there are isolated traces of a Mongol race, revealed by the characteristically wrinkled eyelid and the position of the eye. It is typical of Carinthia that none of these traits indicates a national division. They result from centuries of constant racial intermingling, being found quite as frequently among the German-speaking as among the Slovene inhabitants of the Province. It seems that the original Celtic peasant inhabitants gradually mixed with Germanic, Slovenic and other elements which penetrated the Provinces as the result of colonisation, wars and the expeditions of merchant caravans.

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Living in this area marked out by its natural boundaries, these peoples, aided by the effects of common conditions of life and progressive intermarriage, gradually developed into that Austrian-

lies the picturesque Weissensee, the only alpine lake which can boast of a bridge. The Gailberg offers a way over this mountain range connecting the towns of Kötschach and Oberdrauburg. A second road leads over the Kreuzberg between Hermagor in the Gail Valley and Greifenburg in the Drau Valley. Where the two broad river valleys meet lies Villach, on the extensive mountain plateau of the Dobratsch which has been given the name of "Carinthian Rigi" on account of the wonderful view from it. The acrothermal baths and the valuable metals won from the Bleiberger Erzberge are some compensation for the devastation caused by landslides in the dawn of history on the south side of the Dobratsch. The wierd scenery must be in part the reason why a famous colony of painters has settled in these parts, in the village of Nötsch. Among them are such well-known artists as Franz Wiegele, Arnold Clemenschitsch, Kolig senior and Herbert Boeckl, as well as Anton Mahringer and Raimund Kalcher.

Only south of the Gail Valley and of the lower reaches of the Drau is the wild character of the frontier mountains fully apparent. The wall of the Carinthian-Julian Alps stretches from Tyrol to the Gailitz Gorge through which passes the railway-line to Italy. In the Monte Coglians it attains a height of 9000 feet. It has a single negotiable pass—a military road even in Roman times—at Plöcken. The crests of the ranges tower upwards in pyramids or sheer walls of rock in a bewildering variety of forms, differing according to their height and the type of stone. Dense beech woods alternate with open fields, the meadows of the Gartnerkofel reflect the majestic violet blossoms of the Wulfenia. The Wolayersee reflects an impressive view of the surrounding country.

of peasant labour and civic industry, the wine carriers from Hungary and the lowlands bringing greetings from far-off lands. Occasionally great nobles who broke their journeys had brought the exciting atmosphere of the big world. Like shafts of lightning historical moments lit up this forest-hidden land when the Turks came to trouble even the lonely vicarage on the Pack, or later, when the French marched in via Eibiswald and Preding. After the modest deposits of iron ore had been exhausted, the valuable timber caught the eye of the iron-masters. The streams drove the wheels of the hammers in the scythe workshops. The manor house to which one of the largest, the Tunner-hammer, belonged, still stands today amidst the smoke and noise of the colliery. Ever since Archduke Johann drew up with his own hands the plans for the construction of the railway line from Graz to Köflach in the fifties of the last century, and had them put into effect despite obstinate opposition, West Styria has become more aware of the vigorous life of modern times.

EAST STYRIA. Four main roads give access from the chief town to the rich fruit-bearing country of East Styria. Around this territory winds the River Mur, sweeping southwards from the sharp angle it makes at Bruck, and then eastwards to leave Austria at Radkersburg, forming a living barrier along the boundaries of East Styria.

The white ribbon of the first road runs past Maria Trost, climbing the hill within view of the massive Schöckel, descending to Weir where it forks, one branch leading to the northern hill country, while the main road runs dead north, right into the heart of Peter Rosegger's "Waldheimat" ("Wooded Homeland"). The second highway is that famous

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musical notes enlivening the warm nights and sun-drenched, dreamy days. The more abundantly the vines have blossomed, the noisier the ripening grapes, the more wind rattles are set up to protect the cherished fruit. In their thousands they are supposed to scare away the bold thrushes and starlings. Although when they sound loudly a cloud of scared birds rises into the sky, they soon settle again among the sweet grapes. The wind-rattles really contribute more to the atmosphere of this part of the country than to the effective protection of the vine. Visitors as well as natives adore them; you quickly learn to distinguish the notes of one from another. On stormy nights of hail and thunder, it is as if they were calling in alarm to the ruler of the clouds.

Styrian attributes:
Dear but galant the Ennstaler,
Charming the Aussee girl,
Thoughtful and grave the Murbodner.
Solemn, good trencherman the East Styrian,
Easily roused the Grazer,
Soft of heart the Lower Styrian.
And all tough and courageous in the cause of the Motherland.

up or dug out to form ditches and pits; between them stand the narrow sheds containing slabs of dried peat. The valley extends as a wilderness filled with the humming of a myriad insects busy above the red carpet of wild mustard out of which rise blackberry brambles and the white trunks of young birches. The Kulm, a tree-clad hill on the pale summit of which stands the pilgrimage church of Frauenberg, rises steeply from the banks of the Enns. With two towers and light coloured walls the old shrine reflects the light of the surrounding mountain peaks, which look like a festive garland supporting the blue of the heavens. For half a century the abbots of Admont have cherished this church of Our Gracious Lady with artistic and more than loving generosity. In the "Turkish Year" (1683) the church was invested with its baroque pomp as a worthy framework for the old shrine, to which Johann Thaddäus Stammel later added a glorious wreath in the shape of a delightful choir of angels.

A narrow avenue of chestnut trees leads to a Calvary Mount on the fringe of the mountains. The group around the Cross rises above a weather-beaten wall. It is the work of peasant hands and has an impressive solemnity seen against the background of the distant mountains. In the valley below the Enns emerges, a green and glittering torrent, to flow through meadows and alder bushes to Admont.

The two slender towers of the Abbey which are seen by the tourist from a long way off, were only built after the great fire of 1865, but the surrounding settlement and the foundation of the monastery date back to the earliest history of the Province. [103] Latest research claims to have established that the name Admont is of Illyrian origin, and that the "region of plentiful water" which this name suggests in Illyrian had therefore long been inhabited by human beings—by fishermen, woodsmen and hunters—when monks from St. Peter in Salzburg came, in 1047, to the monastery. It had been built by Archbishop Eberhard with money given by St. Hemma of Gurk, there to found what became one of the most prosperous and best known cultural centres of the Province. Worship and science, art, agriculture

places and towns. Dark are the woods around Weitra, Harmannschlag and Karlstift on the Bohemian-Austrian frontier; the countryside lies high with its heavy, dark earth. Zwettl, the town and the venerable monastery, are surrounded by vast forests. Above Ottenschlag and Martinsberg the Waldviertel closes in on the Danube, broken delightfully by the descending valleys of the Isper and the Weitenbach. Those wishing to proceed from Gmünd, the frontier station, or from Allentsteig or Waidhofen to the Danube, prefer the road through Gföhl, passing Senftenberg on the way down to Krems. Above on the Bohemian frontier, and also in the Thaya Valley, stand fortresses and castles: Heidenreichstein, Karlstein, Raabs and Riegersburg.

The ploughed fields gain more and more on the forests, the vines creeping up the sunny slopes. Near Horn the countryside opens out attractively. Here there is a plentiful choice of routes—uphill to Drosendorf and Retz, downhill through the Kamptal to Langenlois and the spacious Tullnerfeld, or straight across country to Eggenburg and Hollabrunn, or by a sharp turn through the Maissauer forest and mountain towards Stockerau and Korneuburg.

So with a wide detour one arrives at the quarter lying below the Manhartsberg. Corn and wheat gradually replace forest and vineyards, increasingly so towards the March. Laa-on-the-Thaya, Poysdorf and Mistelbach lie on the way to the oil district of Zistersdorf. To the south the fertile corn-growing lands link up—Gänserndorf, Wolkersdorf, Deutsch-Wagram, Gross-Enzersdorf, Marchegg and Orth.

Around the hub of the Danube, the Alpine foreland penetrates deeply into Lower Austrian territory in the

Lilienfeld, Porch of the Monastery.

to be dragged unconscious from the cellar, overcome by the fumes of the wine.

In the vineyards you see men's jackets and hats amidst the vines, appearing and disappearing, for their job calls for bent backs most of the time. The day may be fine and sunny, here and there a grape picker full of fun and the harvest a bumper one—still, there is no romance about their task. All day long they shuffle with bowed shoulders from vine to vine, of which there may be easily a thousand in one vineyard, one vine alone often bearing a dozen bunches of grapes. Even the wine-grower's wife, despite the watchful eye she keeps on yield and profit, may straighten her shoulders with a groan among the tangled masses of heavily-laden vines to look out over the vineyard and exclaim: "God Almighty, will it never end?"

BEAUTIFUL IS WINTER AMONG THE VINEYARDS. One sees a blending of golden earth, immaculate snow and the red thorns of blue-grey acacia trunks.

INTRODUCTION

energies will have to be directed to securing by improvisation the bare means of existence and survival. Even after the initial period only a gradual progress in reconstruction is to be expected. This book does not intend to deal with the difficult and manifold problems of the immediate post-war emergency measures. It has a wider aim. It proposes, by a critical study of the inter-war period, to outline more generally how Austria, by harnessing all her resources and adapting herself to their best possible use, is able to attain prosperity and to keep pace with a corresponding process of world economy.

Before turning to the development of the inter-war years, however, a few words should perhaps be said about Austria's natural resources and about her economic development before the last war.

NATURAL RESOURCES

Austria, like Switzerland, is a mountainous country, and so the scope for agriculture is naturally limited. Only 28 per cent of the total area is arable land, while another 30 per cent is taken up by permanent meadow and pasture. This compares with 47 and 18 per cent respectively for Czechoslovakia, 68 and 19 per cent for Hungary (a typical agricultural country), while the percentages for Germany[1] are 46 and 17 and for the United Kingdom[2] 24 and 31 respectively. Accordingly, Austria belongs to the industrial and food-importing nations of Europe. Even so, her soil and climatic conditions have favoured the growth of certain special branches of agriculture, such as those connected with milk and milk products and fruit growing.[3] In these fields an export surplus had been achieved by the beginning of the thirties.

"Land not under cultivation" takes up as much as 42 per cent of the total. That 42 per cent represents, how-

1 [In 1930, i.e. exclusive of the Saar Territory]
2 [Figures for 1937]
3 [Cf. Cat. IIb, p. 12 — Analyst]

9: Rothschild E-4, 5 (no date) 1947 EK1 Austria EK1

ever, one of the most important natural resources of Austria: her forests. In a Europe greatly deficient in timber this is a great asset, and wood has, in fact, been one of the main items on Austria's export list. With an export of 1,236,000 cubic metres of sawn softwood—more than half of the trees are spruce—Austria provided 5·3 per cent of world exports in 1935 and took the sixth place among exporting countries.

What of Austria's resources in minerals and energy? Here the picture does not differ greatly from that presented by other industrial countries, not counting the almost self-sufficient continents of the Soviet Union and the United States: considerable deposits of certain important materials are accompanied by a more or less complete absence of others.

Take the two basic materials of heavy industry: iron ore and coal. Austria is a country with considerable resources of iron ore, 90 per cent of which comes from the famous Erzberg in Styria, where the ore has an iron content of 40 per cent. Production in 1937 was 1,885,000 tons* which—in metal content—represented 0·7 per cent of the world output; about one-sixth of this was exported. Coal, on the other hand, is only to be found in quite insufficient quantities. In 1937, production amounted to only 230,000 tons while 2,657,000 tons had to be imported. On the other hand, lignite is plentiful: an output of 3,244,000 tons required to be supplemented by only 185,000 tons of imports. Some of the lignite deposits are in close proximity to the iron ore deposits in Styria which has greatly contributed to the growth of the iron and steel industries in that district.

There are also considerable deposits of magnesite, lead, copper, graphite, and salt. In 1935, Austria produced 24

* Unless otherwise stated, "tons" always mean metric tons.